

To Telephone Across the Ocean.

We shall soon talk to Europe.

The human voice will be heard from continent to continent. We can ring up London or Paris and learn the news, talk small talk or order purple and fine linen from London tailors or Paris milliners.

This telephoning under the ocean has engrossed for years the attention of some of the best electricians on both sides of the water. A Russian Edison, one Kildischewsky, has invented an improvement which does away with all loss of distance in decreasing the intensity of sound transmitted over wire. So confident is M. Kildischewsky that his instrument will solve the problem that he has journeyed to London and will try to talk with New York over the transatlantic cables. He had talked through the water of the river Don, and had found no difficulty in hearing plainly at a distance of 800 miles. Only ordinary wire was used. With the great transatlantic cables and their electrical equipment he promises to make a London whisper heard in New York.

If the Russian's apparatus does its work wealth untold is his. But the wise men of electricity on this side of the water cannot believe that this triumph over space and physical obstacle has at last been wrought.

S. A. Brown, electrical expert of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who has for years made special study of cable transmission, is particularly skeptical. "The trouble which had to be met in cable communication," he said, "is what is known as the inductive capacity of the wires. The close proximity of the conducting coil to the armor and the presence of the water surrounding it have a positive tendency to retard the flow of the electric current. A vast amount of money has been expended in the vain effort to obviate this. If Kildischewsky has done that, the rest is

plain sailing. Europe, telephonically, will be as near as Harlem.

In the case of the telegraphic cable it was found that the inductive capacity could be lessened by the use of more delicately adjusted instruments. The lowest audible tone over a telephone wire on land, under favorable conditions, is equivalent to sixteen vibrations a second. It is impossible to attain anything like this speed on an ocean cable. The average of vibrations per second over the Atlantic cables does not exceed four. In other words, while as high as 500 words a minute have been sent over the land wires by means of an automatic sender and a speed of 200 has been obtained by several men, the highest rate of speed of the ocean cables is about twenty-five words.

It would cost three or four millions to lay a cable. The one now in use is out of the question for telephonic purposes. The cable for this new use must be divided into sections about 100 miles in length. Each section will be in effect a relay station. But this scheme, feasible as it is, has never had a practical application.

E. A. Picknell, chief electrician for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, thinks the expense would be the chief obstacle. Some such discovery as that which Kildischewsky claims to have made would, Mr. Picknell thinks, be the greatest thing that could happen in the whole realm of electricity. As for transatlantic telephoning with the old appliances, no steamer now afloat could carry such a giant cable as would be necessary to transmit language. Two ships might suffice.

Mr. Picknell said: "In this country we have a telephone circuit 1,400 miles long in commercial use every day, and I have talked over 2,200 miles. I have made tele-

phony my life work, and am not exaggerating when I say that Americans are far ahead of Europe in long distance work. I designed the line from New York to Chicago, which was twice as long as any one in use, and to-day our line from Boston to St. Louis—1,400 miles long—is more than twice as long as any European telephone circuit. Our line to Memphis is 1,588 miles long. These lines are in commercial use. The foreign governments owning long distance telephones in Europe, in fact, have adopted American methods and plans for operating them. The telephone line from London to Paris is the one they boast of in Europe. It is 200 miles long, and has twenty or twenty-one miles of submarine cable. I have talked over twenty-three miles of submarine cable."

As all the experts who have given the subject of a submarine telephone close study agree that it would necessarily have to be at least three times as large as a telegraph cable in order that the voice could be plainly heard at such a distance it can be seen that the cost would be greater relatively than the difference in size. Experts in the construction of long distance cables figure that a submarine telephone plant would cost in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000.

The same quality of inventive genius which overcame the countless difficulties encountered in getting the cables now in use into working order will doubtless surmount any that may crop up in the operation of the cable telephone. This obstacle conquered, the matter of distance will offer no terrors to electricians of experience in constructing long distance talking wires.

"However," said Mr. Picknell, "this feat which has always seemed impossible will probably be performed. It may be that the secret has been solved."

CHRISTENING THE LITTLE SICKLES QUADRUPLTS.

1. Antoinette.
2. Wilhelmina.
3. Orlando.
4. Sophronia.



These Four Babies Have Stirred Up a Big Town.

The Stickles Quadruplets, the Pride of All Bridgeport, Have Been Duly Christened.

During the night of August 27 Mrs. O. H. Stickles, residing on Strawberry Hill, in the town of Stratford, Conn., gave birth to quadruplets, a feat that has never been accomplished by any woman in that long settled town. Three of the little strangers are girls and the total weight is twenty-one pounds.

The attending physician, Dr. Lewis, suspected from the first that twins might be the results of his professional call, as two years ago Mrs. Stickles had delighted her husband with a pair of bouncing twins. But when a third appeared and shortly after a fourth, the doctor was greatly astonished, and no doubt far more pleased than the father. Very few are the physicians of the land of steady habits who can boast of such a record.

The father, however, was at a loss how to take the event, but as he found himself suddenly the most prominent man in town he concluded that it after all had its good side, and on the whole he felt proud of the fact that he was the only father in over two hundred years who could say that his wife had presented him with four children at a birth.

But while the father was doing so exceptionally well for posterity, the demands of the day were a sore trial to him, for he was scarcely able to meet them. The family lived in very humble quarters, and as the father was out of employment, he was unable to keep the wolf from howling lustily before his door. And louder did the creature yell the day after this memorable birth.

Within the house four pairs of infant lungs did their utmost to awaken sympathy, for the mother was in no condition to nurse her children to any great extent, and they really might have starved if the neighbors had not got an inkling of the extraordinary state of affairs. Now Stratford women, most of whom are spinsters, are very kind hearted, and while they might not exactly appreciate the conditions under these peculiar circumstances, they were quick to come to the unfortunate family's relief.

The Stickles have seen far better circumstances, as is shown by numerous little household articles, showing an appearance of a comfortable home at some past day. Before these hard times the father had a well paid position in a large store on Broadway, this city, which he had filled for years. Upon losing it he went to Stratford and eked out a wretched living while his savings lasted.

Through the kindness of the residents of Stratford the Stickles got along fairly well, the four little children thriving, and everything looked favorable for the mother's recovery from her confinement. But on September 3 Mrs. Stickles became very sick with typhoid fever, and in five days she died.

The very best medical attendance had been with her, for the case had become quite celebrated, and several of the hospital staff of this city had been in consultation with Dr. Lewis. The sanitary condition of the Stickles home was the direct cause of her fatal illness. The funeral was very largely attended, her mother, Mrs. Redgate, of Hoboken, being present.

With six little children, the eldest but two years old, Mr. Stickles was confronted after the funeral with a serious problem. But so widespread had become the story of the quadruplets, that kindly disposed persons quickly came to his relief. Foremost in this work of sympathy were Mrs. J. R. Omsans and Mrs. H. H. Pyle, of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Visiting Staff of the Children's Ward of the Bridgeport Hospital, where arrangements were promptly made to receive the four little tots. To this Mr. Stickles at first objected, but upon the urgent request of his physician that the children should be sent there for the chance of saving their lives would be far greater there under the care of skilful nurses, Mr. Stickles withdrew his objections. So on the second day after the funeral Mrs. Omsans and Mrs. Pyle, with four nurses, drove to Stratford in closed carriages and safely brought the babies to the hospital.

In the "Children's Offering Bed," side by side, there they lie, wholly unconscious of all the talk that they have made. From California and Texas, and from a multitude of intermediate points, letters and telegrams pour into the hospital, asking for particulars and photographs. Manufacturers of infant foods, publishers of magazines and newspapers, even beyond the Mississippi, photographers and sketch artists, are but a few of the numerous inquirers. Hundreds of letters have been received from sympathizing women and mothers.

Never before has the hospital telephone been in such active service. The entrance is besieged daily by scores of visitors anxious to see the babies. All are refused, for the children must be kept very quiet, but the crowds come just the same. It is no exaggeration to state that in the last week ten thousand people have tried to get past the guard at the door.

Crosswise on a big brass bed the four little tots lie, surrounded with hot water bags, and receiving the careful attention of the two most skilful nurses of the institution, Miss Burghard taking the day watch and Miss Lawrence the night. There are also detailed two other nurses to assist. The hospital managers are very anxious that all the children should live, as it is a rare occurrence for so many at a birth to survive.

To meet the extraordinary expenses of the care of these children an appeal for

strikingly alike. All have blue eyes.

As soon as the babies were fairly at home in their new quarters, it was decided to have them named and christened. Then they would no longer be known as Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

For this occasion the ward was tastefully decorated with flowers and potted plants. The Rev. Dr. Herbert D. Cone, rector of Christ Church, christened the children according to the usual Episcopal service. The ceremony was witnessed by the relatives of the little ones, the medical staff and a

number of lady managers of the hospital ward. The number of those present is estimated at four thousand. The sponsors who will act as godmothers were Mrs. J. P. Omsans, Mrs. H. P. Raymond, Mrs. R. C. Catlin and Mrs. H. H. Pyle. Each held her little charge at the time, and each baby afterward received a silver cup and a golden spoon.

Mrs. Halligan presented a silver marker, with the child's name, to be worn about the neck, with a silk ribbon. Miss Florence Klein, a well known soprano, rendered

two selections most effectively. The names selected were Antoinette, after the grandmother; Wilhelmina, after the dead mother; Orlando, after the father, and Sophronia, selected by Mrs. Omsans.

The children were not at all disturbed on this gala occasion, and were soon asleep side by side, crosswise in their bed. They are so small that even in this child's bed there is plenty of room. They are doing nicely, and there is every prospect of their surviving. For at least three or four months they will remain at the hospital.

Mrs. James L. Kernochan.

Mr. Foxhall Keene.



Finest Equestrians in the "400."

A Pen Picture of Mrs. James L. Kernochan and Foxhall Keene and Their Favorite Sport.

The season has opened in which the horse is supreme. Fashionable society is now turning its attention to riding. It is getting late for yachting and other sports also are threatened by the approach of cold weather. A brisk gallop over a country road in the clear and cool Autumnal air is one of the best things possible for mind and body.

The bicycle may have supplanted the horse for many ordinary purposes, but the friend of man stands on a noble eminence. No bicycle riders enjoy the same distinction as Mrs. James S. Kernochan and Mr. Foxhall Keene, who are respectively the best woman and the best man riders in New York society.

An early rider at Newport these mornings is likely to see two equestrians cantering down Bellevue avenue toward the ocean drive. One figure, that of a man, is generally clad in a peculiar shade of brick-red, with loose breeches and brown polo boots. His companion wears a well-fitting riding habit, with Norfolk blouse waist and sailor hat of fine straw drawn well down and shading the eyes. The riders are Mr. and Mrs. James L. Kernochan, Jr., of New York, Hempstead and Newport. Mrs. Kernochan is the finest horsewoman in the 400. She sits her horse as straight as a ramrod whether in the park or going across country with the hounds.

Ever since she was a very little girl Mrs. Kernochan loved the horse. It was this sentiment that brought Mr. and Mrs. Kernochan together. When she was Eloise Stevenson and much sought after among the beaux, she was considered the best horsewoman in the Riding Club, that numbers among its members the entire social register from the Astors to the Webbs. It was there that young Kernochan first met his wife and was lost in admiration at the way she took five-bar fences in jumping competitions. She would win so many blue ribbons in a single night as the reigning ballroom belle would receive collation favors from attendant beaux.

Mrs. Kernochan is of pleasing appearance. She is a trifle above medium height, with a very erect, though slim figure. Her face is generally very tanned, and shows a few freckles here and there. Her eyes are blue and her features very regular. She wears her dark hair parted and drawn back from the forehead. Mrs. Kernochan does not care much for dress. Her riding habits are simple and without pretense. Her driving gowns are generally rough cloth, tailor made, and snug fitting.

It is the horse flesh that concerns Mrs. Kernochan. She can tell in a very short while whether the horse she is riding is a thoroughbred or whether there is only a quarter strain in him. Mrs. Kernochan has long ceased to care for city life. After she was married her husband bought The Meadows, a fine place in Hempstead, L. I., where they live, coming in to town occasionally for the Winter festivities. A portion of the Summer is always passed with Mr. Kernochan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Kernochan, at Newport.

Mrs. Kernochan has a fine stable of hunters apart from her husband's. There is not a meet during the Long Island hunting season that she does not attend. She generally manages to be in at the death, no matter how frosty the ground or how stiff the fences. Like her husband, she has had many a severe fall, and has fared much better than he has. It is commonly clattering down the avenue on a high tandem cart, with her famous pair of prize winners in the lead and wheel. Mrs. Kernochan's liveries are gray and black. Both she and her husband are well-known figures at the races and horse shows about the country, and they generally manage to capture one or two blue ribbons.

It is no uncommon sight to see her perched high on a skeleton break, handling four refractory horses like a veteran, or

Foxhall Keene, who helped the Rockaway team last Tuesday to win the polo championship by a quarter of a goal, may be safely said to be the finest gentlemanly jockey in America. Mr. Keene's reputation has come to him by hard work, and to-day his dark face and well knit figure show signs of many a hard knock in the polo field, and many a cropper taken while going across country with the hounds. Ten years ago when the little Cedarhurst race track, the most exclusive of any in America, was in the zenith of its glory, it was then the fashion for gentlemen riders to pit themselves against professional jockeys. It was there that Foxhall Keene made a lasting reputation. Spurred on by the plaudits of handsome women, Keene, Work and Kernochan were there to win or die. Many a story was then told in the club rooms over brandy and sodas of how Keene outrode McLaughlin in the quarter stretch. Keene had only one rival in those days and that was George Work, then in fit condition, hard and strong. Work now cares more for yachting and pigeon shooting than the pigskin and breeches, although to-day he owns some fine horses.

Foxhall Keene is the ideal build for a rider, a trifle above medium height, with a trim figure and sinewy muscles strong as steel. His face is bronzed by constant exposure to the sun and his sharp features are somewhat accentuated by a dark moustache generally clipped quite close. The slender legs are a trifle bowed from living in a saddle since boyhood, on the whole an ordinary observer would say that Keene was a good looking, quiet mannered young man, but not handsome.

In the early Winter of 1892 it was whispered about the town and country clubs that "Foxy" was very attentive to a charming young widow, and on December 10 of the same year he was married to Mrs. Frank Worth White, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Newbold Lawrence, of Bay-side, L. I.